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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

PONTIUS PILATE AT VIENNE.

Translated and abridged from the Courier des Etats Unis.'

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of Transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There, on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture which, according to tradition, is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Passus est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was in Vienne also that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the ashes of the Judge of the Righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienne.

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcius was prætor of Vienne, that an old man, bent with age, yet of tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written, in red letters, the name of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. 'Yes,' replied Pilate, 'many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accursed be the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it.—One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Candinæ Furculæ* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Arminius. And I—miserable me!——

'You miserable?' asked Albinus;—'what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vitellus, prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastened the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Gerizim. You are also accused of thus acting out of hatred against the Jews.'

'No!' replied Pilate, 'No! by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Cæsar that afflicts me.'

'What then is the cause of your affliction?' continued Albinus. 'Long have I known you—sensible, just, humane. I see it;—you are the victim of Vitellus.'

'Say not so, Albinus—say not that I am the victim of Vitellus—No. I am the victim of a higher power! The Romans regard me as an object of Cæsar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!'

'Of their God, did you say, Pilate?—Impious wretches!—Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!'

'Beware, Albinus, Beware!' continued Pilate. 'If the Christ had been born under the purple, he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality.

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the high priests and his officers. At the appointed hour, no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterward, the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time, Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection.—To repress it, I had but a single centurion, and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire; to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors which came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unction, a new law in the name of the God who had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day, in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or a more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius.—He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators, who encamped in Etrusia, waiting for Cataline. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me and worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manlius, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the philosophers, any thing that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not, Jesus replied: *render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's.*

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian mandate.

Should it ever happen—may the gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our fathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—whilst *I*, miserable wretch!—*I* shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and we—destiny.

But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter; and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene.—'Scribes and Pharisees!' would he say to them, 'you are a race of vipers!—you resemble painted sepulchres!' At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the Publican, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him—and that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets—and that, if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Cæsar.

This I had prevented, by informing Cæsar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I now was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquillity in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him, at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down with the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but *then* I was young—in my veins flowed the Spanish, mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilica, and my feet seemed fastened, with an iron hand, to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene, calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and by a single gesture, seemed to say to me: here I am.

For some time, I contemplated with admiration and with awe, this extraordinary type of a man—a type unknown to our numerous sculptors who have given form and figure to all the gods and all the heroes.

'Jesus,' said I to him at last—and my tongue faltered—'Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for these last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses, a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The emperor is informed of it; and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad at having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy.—However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies.—Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings; against me, on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the civil power which Rome has left to them. My request—I do not say my order—is, that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice.

The Nazarene calmly replied:

'Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the Just will be spilt.

'Your blood shall not be spilt,' replied I, with emotion. 'You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans—conspire against Cæsar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches!—they are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge—it is a sacred asylum.

Jesus carelessly shook his head and said with a graceful and divine smile:

'When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished.'

'Young man,' answered I mildly, 'you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders, you know them. May happiness attend you. Farewell.'

'Prince of the earth,' replied Jesus, 'I came not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born the same day on which Cæsar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it obedient to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation.'

So saying he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilica.

Herod the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene.

Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his real dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Cæsar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium; and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied, that Jesus appeared to be one of those grave philosophers which great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was, to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled malliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching; and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of a passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the Prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city—too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized upon Jesus, and the seditious rabble, although they had nothing to fe from the Pretorium, believing on the faith their leaders, that I winked at their seditic continued vociferating,—'Crucify him! crucify him!'

Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to proceed from a double motive: they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although, in this instance I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrilege did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposition was scowled at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death.—It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas performed a derisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came in Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Cæsar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, 'Beware,' said she to me, 'beware, and touch not that man, for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision—he was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempest, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake—all were obedient to him. Behold! the torrent of Mount Cedron, flows with blood—the statues of Cæsar are soiled with the filth of the genoniæ—the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! Oh, Pilate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curses of a Roman Senate—dread the frowns of Cæsar!'

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me, I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded? 'The death of the Nazarene,' was their reply. 'For what crime?' 'He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the temple; he calls himself the Son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews.' 'Roman justice,' said I, 'punishes not such offences with death.' 'Crucify him, crucify him!' shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriated multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the statue of Innocence placed in the temples of the Eumenides. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors. I had the baseness to adopt a measure, which, at that moment, appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged; then calling for an ewer, I washed my hands in the presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted for. Often, in our civil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves from the portal of the Pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling, screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Cæsar. It was likewise towards the ides of March. I, the contemned governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilica, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to the Gemoniæ. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and large reptures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have ex- 'Either the Author of Nature is suffer- iverse is falling apart.'

e first hour of the night, I threw and me, and went down into the he gate of Golgotha. The sacri- fice had consummated. The crowd were returning home still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed, had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his Eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I could not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt;—then looking back towards Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him, several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet, and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. 'Father,' said I to him mildly, 'who are you, and what is your request?' 'I am Joseph of Arimathea,' replied he, 'and I am come to beg of you, on my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth.' 'Your prayer is granted,' said I to him; and, at the same time, ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards, the sepulchre was found empty.—The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform. It was to communicate to Cæsar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn.

At that moment the sound of clarions playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eyes towards the Cesarean gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distnnce, other trumpets sounding Cæsar's March. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. 'It has then been decreed by the Fates,' cried I, wringing my hands, 'that the great iniquity should be accomplished—that, for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writhing on the cross: *All is consummated.*

Men have tried all sorts of expedients, for thousands of years, to obtain wealth and happiness; and after all, it has become pretty evident, that there is no course that wears so well; that is so self-approving; that is so certain in its success; that gives so much health, contentment and independence, the substantial elements of happiness; as habitual industry, in the plain course of duty, directed by a cultivated mind be it in the learned or laboring professions. The consciousness that we are not only providing for ourselves and those naturally dependent upon us, but that we are doing good to society, and thereby fulfilling one of the highest moral obligations, is a rich source of enjoyment, to which the indolent and dissipated must ever remain utter strangers.

LAY SERMON.

Or speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.—Job xii, 8.

Reader, didst thou ever, in thoughtful mood, while wandering through a solitary place, hear thine own voice sent back upon thee with a soft and shadowy pensiveness? What then were thy feelings? Was it not as if the voice, robbed of all that was gross and earthly, had been transported into a purely spiritual existence? It went forth a feeble *expression*, it came back a *feeling*, an *emotion*, a *something*, which we could almost love and cherish, but for its transient life. Such, reader, is the genuine influence of nature in all her teachings. Gross herself, she yet sifts and etherealizes even the most spiritual conceptions. Her instructions are but an echo of the soul's own thoughts. And they come back so colored, purified, and raised, that we receive them as something new. We no longer recognize in them the creatures of our own forming. They seem inspired with a life and beauty of their own. Brute, unconscious matter becomes a personal being. She answers to our questions. Still it is but an echo. She answers ever in our own language. The thoughts that have gone forth are thoughts which she sends back. But so are they softened, refined and colored, that the soul is touched as by the presence of an higher power. Thoughts purer still, gush out, and again they return with form more heavenly and bright. Again the soul is kindled with a new flame, again its purer aspirations flow back yet purer than they went, till by the mysterious ministry of material things, material objects vanish, and the spirit unconscious of all things else, through its own high conceptions communes unawed with the great and boundless spirit of the world.

Who in listening to the inspired orator has not in the subject forgotten the man? or while charmed by music has not in the melody lost all thought of the instrument, beautiful though it might be? So ever in more rapturous moments, means are forgotten; the enjoyment, the inspiration is all. Thus the poet in the sublime song—

'O dread and silent mount! I gaze upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense.
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the invisible alone.'

How unlike this to the noisy teachings of man, where the dignity of school-master is ever obtruded upon us, where if for a moment we forgot the respect due to *him*, our ears are made to tingle, and our consciousness of *his* presence is most painfully awakened! O nature, I love thee for thy modesty and gentleness. Never art thou harsh or obtrusive, never formal or exacting. All noiselessly thine eternal spheres move on. In harmony so perfect that their sound is unheard, are thy laws ever acting around me. And thou, my mother earth, what shall I say of thee? How thank thee for thy kind protection and support? Even from thy bosom my daily sustenance is drawn, and there my aching head reposes. Thou hast a voice for all the thronging emotions of the heart. Nor, though a mother, art thou jealous in thy love; but ever wouldst thou raise thy children above thyself to that heaven from which thy light is drawn.

There is a singular beauty in the language of our text. *Speak* to the earth and she shall teach thee. 'Tis not till a voice has gone forth from us that we can hope for her instructions. Never will she force them upon us. The feelings of the moment are thrown out upon her, and how sweetly are they returned! The angry man is disarmed of his rage when his grating voice is gently echoed from the neighboring dell; and the violence of grief is soothed by the calmness with which its piercing cry is answered in the grove. So have I seen some petulant child at twilight soothed and almost awed by the softened image of itself in the responsive glass; so all excessive emotions are tranquilized and raised by the quiet sympathies of our mother earth. But we must speak to her. We must go into her presence, and our ears must be open to receive her answers. O, how miserably do men toil on for the meat which perisheth, heedless of all higher ends! To them she listens and supplies the wants which they make known. Happier, how much more blessed were they, if, in the intervals of anxious toil, a voice were given to their higher wants, that these too, with sympathising kindness, she might yet supply. Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee,—teach thee a wisdom all superior to that which the world's cold prudence and selfish craft can give.—*N. B. Mercury.*

MEDITATIONS.

1. Then only is the church happy when truth and peace kiss each other, and then miserable when either of them balk the way, or meet and kiss not. Truth without peace is turbulent, and peace without truth is secure injustice. Though I love peace well, I love main truths better. And though I love all truths well, yet I had rather conceal a small truth than disturb a common peace.

2. I acknowledge no master of requests in heaven but one, Christ my Mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need him, nor so miserable that he should despise me. I will always ask, and that of none but him with whom I am sure to speed; where there is so great store, that when I have had the most I shall leave no less behind. There are numberless drops in the sea, but if one be taken out of it it hath so much the less, though the difference is imperceptible. But God, because he is infinite, can admit of no diminution. Men are niggardly because the more they give, the less they have. But thou, Lord, mayest give what thou wilt without abatement of thy store. Good prayers never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.

3. With God there is no free man but his servant, though in the gallies; no slave but the sinner, though in a palace; none noble but the virtuous, though never so basely descended; none rich but he that possesseth God, though in rags; none wise but he that is a fool to himself and the world; none happy but he whom the world pities. Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy to God; I care not what I am to this world.

4. Heaven is compared to a hill, and therefore it is figured by Olympus among the heathen, and by Sion in God's book. Hell is compared to a pit. The ascent to one is hard, therefore, and the descent to the other easy and headlong. If we once begin to fall, the recovery is most difficult, and not one out of many stays till he comes to the bottom. I will be content to pant, and blow, and sweat in clambering up to heaven, and I will be cautious of setting the first step downwards towards the pit. As there is a Jacob's ladder up to heaven, so there are blind stairs that go winding down to death, whereof each makes way for the other. From the object is raised an ill suggestion; suggestion draws on delight; delight, consent; consent, endeavor; endeavor, practice; practice, custom; custom, excuse; excuse, defence; defence, obstinacy; obstinacy, boasting of sin; boasting, a reprobate conscience. I will watch over my ways, and do thou, Lord, watch over me, that I may avoid the first degrees of sin. And if these overtake my frailty, yet keep me, that presumptuous sins prevail not over me. Beginnings are with more ease and safety declined when we are free, than proceedings when we have begun.

5. I have never loved those salamanders, that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will suffer a thousand wrongs rather than offer one; I will suffer an hundred rather than return one, I will suffer many before I will complain of one, or endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superiors is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any full of unquietness.

6. Every worldling is a mad-man. For besides that he preferreth profit and pleasure to virtue; the world to God; earth to heaven; time to eternity; he pampers the body, and starves the soul. He feeds one fowl a hundred times, that it may feed him but once; he seeks all lands and seas for dainties, not caring whether any or what repast he provideth for his soul. He clothes the body with all rich ornaments, that it may be as fair without as it is filthy within, whilst his soul goes bare and naked, having not a rag of knowledge to cover it. Yea, he cares not if he destroys his soul to please his body, when for the salvation of his soul he will not so much as hold the body short of the least pleasure. What is madness if this be not? Let me enjoy my soul no longer than I prefer it to my body. Let me have a deformed, lean, crooked, unhealthful, neglected body, so that I may find my soul sound, strong, well-furnished, well disposed, both for earth and heaven.—*Bishop Hall.*

WRATH DISARMED.

A man of my acquaintance who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had, many years since, a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment he made him a visit for the avowed purpose of quarreling with him. He accordingly stated to him the nature and extent of the injury, and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty, expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and proffering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say he was satisfied, and withdrew full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct. As he was walking homeward he said to himself to this effect—'There must be more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any man to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve my equanimity of which I have been witness, and especially with so much frankness humility, and meekness, *to acknowledge the wrong* which I had done; so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured; and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger with at least equal resentment, paid him reproach for reproach, and inflicted wound for wound. There is something *in the religion, which he professes*, and which I am forced to believe he feels; something which makes him so superior, so much better, so much more amiable, than I can pretend to be. The subject strikes me in a manner to which I have hitherto been a stranger. It is high time to examine it more thoroughly, with more candor, and with greater solicitude also, than I have done hitherto.'—From this incident a train of thoughts and emotions commenced in the mind of this man, which terminated in his profession of the christian religion, his relinquishment of the business in which he was engaged, and his consecration of himself to the ministry of the gospel.—*Dr Dwight.*

SILENCE AND SECRECY.

Silence and Secrecy! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*; on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties;

what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought; but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss Inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden); or, as I might rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness; thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in secrecy. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth! Neither shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of 'those secrets known to all.' Is not shame the soil of all virtue, of all good manners, and good morals? Like other plants, virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS.

These occasions, which are of a peculiar interest to some of your readers, should never be passed over as it seems to me, without some public notice. The eleventh Anniversary of the Sunday School in Chamber Street connected with the Rev. S. Barrett's Society was observed at that Church on the last Sunday in March, of which I have seen no notice. It was an occasion of deep interest. When I entered that place of worship I saw before me a quarter section of the whole centre of the church occupied by the children—not less certainly than two hundred,—the misses in the midst, and the boys equally divided on each side. The teachers were in the seats of the Choir, and led in that part of the service. The Address to Parents and teachers was by the Rev. F. T. Gray, and was well adapted to awaken a deep interest in the minds of parents on the subject of the religious education of their children; and the address to teachers could not fail to impress their hearts deeply with the responsibility of the work in which they are engaged. At the close of this Address the children rose, and with touching effect, sung alone the following hymn.

See Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

'Permit them to approach,
'Forbid them not,' he cried;
'Of such my father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide.'

O let this little flock,
We children seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

The children were then addressed by their Pastor in a very affectionate and earnest manner on the necessity of maintaining pure thoughts and good feelings if they would secure their present and eternal happiness. The Pastor and children then united in repeating and responding together the Lord's Prayer. A hymn was then sung responsively by the teachers from above and the children from below in a manner that was pleasing and impressive. The last verse was in these words

CHILDREN.
Great God, our benefactors step;
TEACHERS.
And crown thy work with great success.
BOTH.
O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

Such anniversaries leave behind them impressions that pass not away with the occasion. They nurse in the minds of parents and teachers and children a more lively sense of the responsible duties which they owe to each other as religious and immortal beings; and no Sunday School can languish while such feelings are kept alive in the heart. Q.

For the Register and Observer.

BOSTON SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A Quarterly meeting of this Society was held on Sunday evening last at Amory Hall. The hall was well filled, and a strong interest was evidently manifested in the cause of Sunday Schools by those who were present. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. C.F. Barnard (the only clergyman present.) The Vice President Dr J. F. Flagg in the Chair. A report was read on the condition of the Hancock Sunday School under its new organization, as a Parish school of the Second Church (Rev. Mr Robbins'.) It was a source of much congratulation that this earliest of our Sunday Schools, (the reminiscences connected with which were so pleasant to most of the audience) had after languishing for some time, been resuscitated, with increased numbers, and under circumstances to encourage the hope, that it was to prosper hereafter, with more than its ancient vigor and previous usefulness.

The meeting was afterward addressed from the Chair by Dr Flagg, and by Messrs Russell, Mackintosh, Alcott, Barnard, Weeks, Pray and Barrett.

At the previous quarterly meeting of this Society, it will be recollected, there was a disposition manifested on the part of some to question the character of our Sunday Schools; to enquire into their deficiences, and to point out their faults; especially as it related to the qualifications and spiritual attainments of the teachers. At this meeting there was a disposition manifested on the part of some to propose a measure by which these difficulties and deficiences might be removed, viz. to establish a course of lectures for Sunday School teachers, by which their ignorance might be enlightened; their characters elevated, and their prospects and means of usefulness strengthened and enlarged. But there was a chill thrown over the meeting by the absence of those who were expected to address and instruct the audience. This circumstance, and the like of which has not unfrequently happened, has tended to discourage those who are engaged in this holy cause. In some sections of our State, a meeting of this kind cannot be held but every friend of these institutions, whose countenance is needed to aid the cause, is always present. The Worcester County Association is a model of this kind. We hope to see a similar spirit prevailing everywhere, so that there shall always be enough to sustain the interests of our public meeting—those who will be ready to throw themselves into the gap and carry through every enterprise which is deemed essential to the welfare and success of these noble institutions. In the present instance there was a rally of those whose sympathies are enlisted in the work, and the meeting was carried through eventually with some good degree of spirit and interest. The remarks of Mr Barnard, of Mr Wm. Russell, Mr Weeks and others were listened to with deep attention. The meeting was brought to an appropriate close by singing together the accustomed Doxology.

ASBESTOS.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—It has been gratifying to witness the various ways in which the community has desired to testify its respect for the late Dr Bowditch. That a man, who made no noise in public life and whose mind was given to abstract studies, should be so honored, is a proof that the world are beginning to understand better than formerly the true titles to veneration. It is well known, that Dr Bowditch was distinguished by his sense of justice; but one of his manifestations of this principle is not so generally known. I refer to his deep interest on the question of Slavery. He felt keenly the greatness of this wrong. He cheered by his sympathy the friends of the oppressed. He lamented that public opinion among us on this subject was so low and faint; but in his last conversation with me he expressed his conviction, that better views and feelings in regard to it were spreading through this community. It is due to the cause of justice and humanity, that the part which he took in this great question should be known.

Speaking of slavery, I wish to recommend to your readers a book just from the press, entitled 'Emancipation in the West Indies,' and written by J. A. Thome, and J. H. Kimball, who had visited those islands to inquire into the great experiment now going on there. I regard it as the most important work which has appeared among us for years. No man, without reading it, should undertake to pass judgment on Emancipation. It is something more than a report of the observation and opinions of the writers. It consists chiefly of the opinions, conversations, letters and other documents of the very inhabitants of the islands, whose judgments are most trust-worthy, of the Governors, special magistrates, police-officers, managers, attorneys, physicians, &c; and in most cases, the names of these individuals are given; so that we have the strongest evidence of the correctness of the work.

The results of this great experiment surpass what the most sanguine could have hoped. It is hardly possible, that the trial could have been made under more unfavorable circumstances. The planters on all the islands were opposed to the Act of Emancipation, and in most, exceedingly and fiercely hostile to it and utterly indisposed to give it the best chance of success. The disproportion of the colored race to the whites was fearfully great, being that of seven or eight to one, whilst in our slaveholding states the whites outnumber the colored people. The slaves of the West Indies were less civilized than ours, and less fit to be trusted with their own support. Another great evil was, that the proprietors, to a considerable extent, were absentees, residing in England, and leaving the care of their estates and slaves to managers and owners, the last people for such a trust, and utterly unfit to carry the wretched victims of their tyranny through the solemn transition from slavery to freedom. To complete the unhappy circumstances under which the experiment began, the Act of Emancipation was passed by a distant government, having no intimate knowledge of the subject; and the consequence was, that a system of 'Apprenticeship,' as it was called, was adopted, so absurd, and betraying such ignorance of the principles of human nature, that, did we not know otherwise, we might suspect its authors of intending to produce a failure. It was to witness the results of an experiment promising so little good, that our authors visited three islands, particularly worthy of examination, Antigua, Barbadoes and Jamaica.

Our authors went first to Antigua, an island, which had been wise enough to foresee the mischiefs of the proposed apprenticeship, and had substituted for it immediate and unqualified emancipation. The report given of this island is most cheering. It is indeed one of the brightest records in history. The account, beginning page 143, of the transition from slavery to freedom can hardly be read by a man of ordinary sensibility without a thrill of tender and holy joy. Why is it not published in all our newspapers as among the most interesting events of our age? From the account of Antigua it appears that immediate emancipation has produced only good. Its fruits are, greater security, the removal of the fears which accompany slavery, better and cheaper cultivation of the soil, increased value of real estate, improved morals, more frequent marriages and fewer crimes. The people proclaim with one voice, that Emancipation is a blessing, and that nothing would tempt them to revert to slavery.

Our authors proceeded next to Barbadoes, where the apprenticeship system is in operation, and if any proof were needed of the docility and good dispositions of the negroes, it would be found in their acquiescence to so wonderful a degree in this unhappy arrangement. The planters on this island have been more disposed, than could have been anticipated, to make the best of this system, and here, accordingly, the same fruits of the Act of Emancipation are found as in Antigua, though less abundant; and a very general and strong conviction prevails of the happiness of the change.

In Jamaica, apprenticeship manifests its worst tendencies. The planters of this island were, from first to last, furious in their hostility to the act of emancipation; and the effort seems to have been, to make the apprenticeship bear as heavily as possible on the colored people; so that instead of preparing them for complete emancipation, it has rather unfitted them for this boon. Still, under all these disadvantages, there is strong reason for expecting, that emancipation, when it shall come, will prove a great good. At any rate, it is hardly possible for the slaves to fall into a more deplorable condition, than that in which this interposition of Parliament found them.

The degree of success, which has attended this experiment in the West Indies, under such unfavorable auspices, makes us sure, that emancipation in this country, accorded by the good will of the masters, would be attended with the happiest effects. One thing is plain, that it would be perfectly *safe*. Never were the West Indies so peaceful and secure as since emancipation. So far from general massacre and insurrection, not an instance is recorded or intimated of violence of any kind being offered to a white man. Our authors were continually met by assurances of security on the part of the planters, so that in this respect at least emancipation has been unspeakable gain. The only obstacle to emancipation is therefore removed; for nothing but well grounded fears of violence and crime can authorise a man to encroach one moment on another's freedom.

That the work of Messrs Thome and Kimball is tinctured in a measure by their prepossessions, we cannot doubt; for, however honest, they are human. In truth, such favorable results as they report are almost too good to be true. Still, the essential truth of the book cannot be doubted. It carries the marks of upright purpose, and its main materials are of unquestionable authority. Indeed large deductions may be made from the testimony of the authors, and enough will be left to establish conclusively the safety and benefits of emancipation.

The subject of this book is of great interest at the present moment. Slavery in the abstract has been thoroughly discussed among us. We all agree, that it is a great wrong. Not a voice is here lifted up in defence of the system, when viewed on a general light. We only differ when we come to apply our principles to a particular case. The only question is, whether the Southern States can abolish slavery consistently with public safety, order, and peace? Many, very many well-disposed people both at the North and South, are possessed with vague fears of massacre and universal misrule as the consequences of emancipation. Such ought to inquire into the grounds of their alarm. They are bound to listen to the voice of *facts*, and such are given in this book. None of us have a right to make up our minds without inquiry, or to rest in opinions adopted indolently and without thought. It is a great crime to doom millions of our race to brutal degradation on the ground of unreasonable fears. The power of public opinion is here irresistible, and to this power every man constitutes something; so that every man, by his spirit and language, helps to loosen or rivet the chain of the slave.

W. E. C.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1838.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN BOSTON.

The fourth Annual Report of the Central Board of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches represents the present condition and past operations of the Ministry at Large in a highly flattering and encouraging light.

Since the last anniversary two additional Ministers at Large have been elected—the Rev. J. T. Sargent and Robert C. Waterston; and these gentlemen have been sedulously engaged for the greater part of the year in the duties attached to their office, the former in the southern, and the latter in the northern section of the city.

From the Annual Report of the treasurer, it appears that the amount collected from the various churches since the first of April last, and which belongs to the present year, is $2,635 27; an amount which we are happy to say exceeds that of the last year, and which, considering the state of the times, we regard as a most convincing proof of an increasing interest in the community in behalf of the cause.

MR GRAY'S LABORS AND SUCCESS.

The devoted zeal and untiring exertions of Rev. F. T. Gray have been crowned with abundant success.

It appears from his records that 57 persons have been admitted to the church, during the year, and 53 baptised;—of whom 17 were adults, and 36 children.

Church meetings are holden once a fortnight, which have continued with great interest and have done much good.

He has also held meetings at the dwellings of the sick, at which the neighbors and friends came in, and thus those who were deprived of attending public worship, were enabled to engage in religious services which have proved to be gratifying and profitable.

His visits this year have much exceeded in number those of any former one, being 3400, or on an average, twelve a day.

Once every month he has preached a sermon in the morning expressly adapted to children. During the summer, he delivered on Saturday afternoons, ten lectures to the children on some subject connected with Natural History. Quite a large number attended.

There are at present 362 children and 48 teachers connected with the Howard Sunday School.

In 1836 a school was formed by Dr Tuckerman for the purpose of instructing little girls in sewing. It has been continued to the present time with unabated interest—there are now about 180 girls, taught by 38 ladies.

The young men connected with the Chapel have formed themselves into a Society, under the name of the Franklin Association; their object is 'mutual improvement in knowledge and virtue.' Meetings have been held every Wednesday evening since September last, and have served a very valuable purpose.

Measures have been adopted to form a *Library* for the use of the members in connection with the families which worship at the Chapel, and it is quite desirable that the effort should succeed.

There are at present 132 families connected with the Chapel, consisting of 352 adults and 267 children; there are also a hundred families which he visits, that are not connected with the Chapel.

MR SARGENT.

The Ministry at Large being but recently represented in the extreme South section of the city, and its agency there dating as it does, within a year, can of course exhibit few results of interest in an Annual Report. The principal difficulty he has encountered is the want of a suitable place of public worship. His visits are gratefully received, and have ranged within very nearly 300 families. His place of worship is well frequented three times a day on the Sabbath, by an interesting and attentive audience. His Sabbath School includes at present 130 children, with an average attendance of 70 or 80.

MR WATERSTON,

Has continued his labors at the North part of the city, every Sunday holding two religious services in addition to the Sunday School. In the school the average attendance has been about 140.

His labors cannot have their full effect where he now is. The room is generally full, sometimes crowded; but it is low and confined. We look forward with hope to the time when the community, through the Fraternity of Churches, will erect a Chapel at the North part of the city like that in Pitts Street.

The experience of another year has abundantly proved the great value and various benefits of this ministry. It has been gaining friends every day. Its prospect is cheering. Its hold upon the churches is strong. It rests upon the right, and, we doubt not, an enduring foundation.

THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

Mr Barnard's Annual Report gives a highly gratifying account of the condition of this valuable Institution.

The number of families connected with the chapel is 248, consisting of 455 adults and 708 children, or 1163 individuals. The number known to attend the services quite regularly is 736, exclusive of several others, less regular, whose names have not yet been obtained.

The aggregate of children embraced in the several schools is 292 boys and 402 girls, or 694 in all.

The publication of tracts has been carried on, though with a diminution in the issue from the want of funds. Since the beginning of 1837, 27,450 tracts, and 14,600 hymns have been printed or procured.

A *sewing school* has been held two hours every Saturday afternoon. It contains 125 girls under the care of 12 female Teachers.

A school for girls in reading, writing and arithmetic has been kept by 3 Ladies on Friday afternoons.

With the aid of two gentlemen teachers and four young assistants, Mr B. has continued the evening school for boys. The whole number of pupils has been 92. Monday and Friday evenings are appropriated to arithmetic and penmanship. A single hour, Wednesday evening, is given to reading.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

While the eyes of all the friends of Liberty throughout the civilized world, are fastened with an earnest and anxious gaze upon the British West India Islands, the Volume of Messrs Thome and Kimball, which is noticed in another column, in an article from a distinguished pen, cannot fail to be sought after with avidity, and read with deep interest. The Book attempts to establish the following points:

1. That the act of IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION in Antigua, was not attended with any disorder whatever.
2. That the emancipated slaves have readily, faithfully, and efficiently worked for wages from the first.
3. That wherever there has been any disturbance in the working of the apprenticeship, it has been invariably by the fault of the masters, or of the officers charged with the execution of the 'Abolition Act.'
4. That the prejudice of caste is fast disappearing in the emancipated islands.
5. That the apprenticeship was not sought for by the planters as a *preparation for freedom*.
6. That no such preparation was needed.
7. That the planters who have fairly made the 'experiment,' now greatly prefer the new system to the old.
8. That the emancipated people are perceptibly rising in the scale of civilization, morals, and religion.

How far the work is successful in establishing these facts, it is not our purpose, at present, to express an opinion. The Book can be in all hands, and will speak for itself.

We have only room to make a single selection from its pages—and this is a glowing description of one the most thrilling scenes that human history has ever recorded.

We commend it to the attention of every Reader: and feel assured that no one who has a heart to feel, or an imagination to be excited and charmed, can read it without deep emotion.

A THRILLING SCENE.

The *event* of emancipation passed peaceably. The first of August, 1834, is universally regarded in Antigua, as having presented a most imposing and sublime moral spectacle. It is almost impossible to be in the company of a missionary, a planter, or an emancipated negro for ten minutes, without hearing some allusion to that occasion. Even at the time of our visit to Antigua, after the lapse of nearly three years, they spoke of the event with an admiration apparently unabated.

For some time previous to the first of August, forebodings of disaster lowered over the island. The day was fixed! Thirty thousand degraded human beings were to be brought forth from the dungeon of slavery and 'turned loose on the community!' and this was to be done 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.'

Gloomy apprehensions were entertained by many of the planters. Some timorous families did not go to bed on the night of the 31st of July; fear drove sleep from their eyes, and they awaited with fluttering pulse the hour of midnight, fearing lest the same bell which sounded the jubilee of the slaves, should toll the death knell of the masters.

The more intelligent, who understood the disposition of the negroes, and contemplated the natural tendencies of emancipation, through philosophical principles, and in the light of human nature and history, were free from alarm.

To convey to the reader some idea of the manner in which the great crisis passed, we here give the substance of several accounts which were related to us in different parts of the island, by those who witnessed them.

The Wesleyans kept 'watch-night' in all their chapels on the night of the 31st July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing, and honor, and glory, to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly as the loud bell tolled its first note, the crowded assembly prostrated themselves on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering half stifled breath, of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords, and weary heart strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and his trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they broke forth in prayer; they shouted, they sung, 'Glory,' 'alleluia;' they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but high above the whole there was a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up; it was the utterings in broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

After this gush of excitement had spent itself, and the congregation became calm, the religious exercises were resumed, and the remainder of the night was occupied in singing and prayer, in reading the Bible, and in addresses from the missionaries explaining the nature of the freedom just received, and exhorting the freed people to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws, and to show themselves in all things worthy of the high boon which God had conferred upon them.

The first of August came on Friday, and a release was proclaimed from all work until the next Monday. The day was chiefly spent by the great mass of the negroes in the churches and chapels. Thither they flocked 'as clouds and as doves to their windows.' The clergy and missionaries throughout the island were actively engaged seizing the opportunity in order to enlighten the people on all the duties and responsibilities of their new relation, and above all, urging them to the attainment of that higher liberty with which Christ maketh his children free. In every quarter we were assured that the day was like a Sabbath. Work had ceased; the hum of business was still, and noise and tumult were unheard on the streets. Tranquillity pervaded the towns and country. A Sabbath indeed! when the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest, and the slave was free from the master! The planters informed us that they went to the chapels where their own people were assembled, greeted them, shook hands with them, and exchanged the most hearty good wishes.

The churches and chapels were thronged all over the island. At Cedar Hall, a Moravian station, the crowd was so great, that the minister was obliged to remove the meeting from the chapel to a neighboring grove.

At Grace Hill, another Moravian station, the negroes went to the Missionary on the day before the first of August, and begged that they might be allowed to have a meeting in the chapel at sunrise. It is the usual practice among the Moravians to hold but one sunrise meeting during the year, and that is on the morning of Easter; but as the people besought very earnestly for this special favor on the Easter morning of their freedom, it was granted to them.

Early in the morning they assembled at the chapel. For some time they sat in perfect silence. The missionary then proposed that they should kneel down and sing. The whole audience fell upon their knees, and sung a hymn commencing with the following verse:

'Now let us praise the Lord,
With body soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things,
Beyond our sense and merit.'

The singing was frequently interrupted with the tears and sobbings of the melted people, until finally it was wholly arrested, and a tumult of emotion overwhelmed the congregation.

The missionary who was present on the occasion said that the scene was indescribable.

During the day, repeated meetings were held. At eleven o'clock, the people assembled in vast numbers. There were at least a *thousand* persons around the chapel, who could not get in. For once the house of God suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. After all the services of the day, the people went again to the missionaries in a body, and petitioned to have a meeting in the evening.

At Grace Bay, the people, all dressed in white, assembled in a spacious court in front of the Moravian chapel. They formed a procession and walked arm in arm into the chapel. Similar scenes occurred at all the chapels and at the churches also. We were told by the missionaries that the dress of the negroes on that occasion was uncommonly simple and modest. There was not the least disposition to gaiety.

We were also informed by planters and missionaries in every part of the island that there was not a single dance known of, either day or night, nor so much as a fiddle played. There were no riotous assemblies, no drunken carousals. It was not in such channels that the excitement of the emancipated flowed. They were as far from dissipation and debauchery, as they were from violence and carnage. GRATITUDE was the absorbing emotion. From the hill-tops and the valleys, the cry of a disenthralled people went upward like the sound of many waters, 'Glory to God, glory to God.'

The testimony of the planters corresponds fully with that of the missionaries.

Said R. B. Eldridge, Esq., after speaking of the number emancipated, 'Yet this vast body, (30,000), *glided* out of slavery into freedom with the utmost tranquillity.'

Dr Daniell observed, that after so prodigious a revolution in the condition of the negroes, he expected that some irregularities would ensue; but he had been entirely disappointed. He also said that he anticipated some relaxation from labor during the week following emancipation. But he found his hands in the field early on Monday morning, and not one missing. The same day he received word from another estate, of which he was proprietor,* that the negroes had to a man refused to go to the field. He immediately rode to the estate and found the people standing with their hoes in their hands doing nothing. He accosted them in a friendly manner: 'What does this mean, my fellows, that you are not at work this morning?' They immediately replied, 'It's not because we don't want to work, massa, but we wanted to see you first and foremost to *know what the bargain would be.*' As soon as that matter was settled the whole body of negroes turned out cheerfully, without a moment's cavil.

Mr Bourne, of Millar's, informed us that the largest gang he had ever seen in the field on his property, turned out the *week after emancipation.*

Said Hon. N. Nugent, 'Nothing could surpass the universal propriety of the negroes' conduct on the first of August, 1834! Never was there a more beautiful and interesting spectacle exhibited, than on that occasion.'

* It is not unusual in the West Indies for proprietors to commit their own estates into the hands of managers; and be themselves the managers of other men's estates.

MR YOUNG'S DISCOURSE

On the Life and Character of the Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D., F.R.S., delivered in the Church on Church Green, March 25, 1838.

This Discourse had been commended in the highest terms by those who had the pleasure of hearing it; and we therefore anticipated its perusal with much eagerness. It is very interesting, and in parts eloquent. It is full of pleasant biographical anecdotes: and there are embodied in the *notes*, a vast variety of interesting and curious facts, more or less immediately connected with and illustrative of the different points which are treated in the body of the Discourse. The author was evidently well acquainted with the general characteristics of Dr Bowditch's remarkable mind and noble heart: and has succeeded well in conveying his conception to the minds of his readers. In some respects the Discourse is altogether original, and quite a curiosity in the Theologico-Literary world.

We have made large room for the following extract from the conclusion.

Mr Bowditch was a man of unsullied purity, the most rigid integrity, and the most uncompromising principle. Through life, truth seems to have been at once the great object of his pursuit, and his ruling principle of action. 'FOLLOW TRUTH,' might have been the motto on his escutcheon. '*Truth! Truth! Truth!*' were among his last words to one whom he dearly loved. He was himself perfectly transparent. A child could see through him. There was no opaqueness in his heart, any more than in his intellect. It was as clear as crystal, and the rays of moral truth were transmitted through it without being refracted or tinged. In all his intercourse and transactions he was remarkably frank and candid. He revealed himself entirely. He had no secrets. He kept nothing back, for he had nothing to conceal. He lived openly, and talked freely, of himself, and of his doings, and of every thing that was uppermost in his mind. He never hesitated to speak out what he thought on all subjects, public and private, and he avowed his opinions of men and things with the utmost freedom and unconcern. It seemed to me that he never had the fear of man before his eyes, and that it never checked, in the least, the free and full utterance of his sentiments.

He was a singularly modest man. He made no pretensions himself, and there was nothing that he so much despised in others. He was remarkably simple in all his manners and intercourse with the world. He put on no airs and assumed no superiority on the ground of his intellectual attainments, but put himself on a level with every one with whom he had any concern. He reverenced integrity and truth wherever he found them, in whatever condition in life. He felt and showed no respect for mere wealth or rank. He fearlessly rebuked, to his face, the mean and purse-proud nabob, and 'condescended to men of low estate.'

Dr Bowditch was a truly conscientious man. He was always true to his moral as well as intellectual convictions, and followed them whithersoever they led. He had great faith in the rectitude of his moral perceptions, and in the primary decisions of his own judgment and moral sense; and he carried them forth and acted them out instantly. The word followed the thought, and the deed the feeling, with the rapidity of lightning. This straight-forwardness and frankness were among the secret causes of the remarkable influence which he confessedly exercised over the minds and judgments of others. By his honesty, as well as by his resoluteness and decision, he was the main-spring of every thing with which he was connected. By this moral influence he controlled and swayed all men with whom he was associated. As Ben Jonson says of Lord Bacon, 'he *commanded* where he spoke.'

Dr Bowditch was a man of ardent natural feelings, and of an impetuous temperament. He was strong in his attachment to men and to opinions; and was not easily turned from any course of speculation or action, which he had once satisfied himself was right, wise and good. At the same time, he always kept his mind open to evidence; and if you brought before him new facts and arguments, he would reconsider the subject,—deliberately, not hastily,—and *the next day*, perhaps, would tell you that you were in the right, and that he had altered his mind. He was sometimes quick, warm, and vehement in expressing his disapprobation of the character or conduct of an individual, particulary if he thought that the person had practised anything like duplicity or fraud. In such cases, his indignation was absolutely scorching and withering. But he never cherished any personal resentments in his bosom. He did not let the sun go down upon his wrath. His anger was like a cloud, which passes over the disk of the moon, and leaves it as mild and clear as before; or, as the judicious Hooker's was represented to be, 'like a vial of clear water, which, when shook, heads to the top, but instantly subsides, without any soil or sediment of uncharitableness.'

Let me relate an incident illustrative of this remarkable trait in his character. Dr Bowditch had been preparing a plan of the town of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labor and care. By some means or other an individual in the town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out in the following strain: 'You villain! how dare you do this? What do you mean by it? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business, I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the law.' The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation, and was silent; for his wrath was terrible. Dr Bowditch went home, and slept on it; and the next day, hearing from some authentic source that the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, his anger melted away like wax. He went to him again, and said, 'Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit the fruit of my labors. But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you, and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors; and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name.'

What a sublime, noble, Christian spirit was there manifested! This was really overcoming evil with good, and pouring coals of fire upon the poor man's head. The natural feeling of resentment, which God has implanted within all bosoms for our protection against sudden assault and injury, was overruled and conquered by the higher, the sovereign principle of conscience.

I ought to have mentioned, in an earlier part of this discourse, that Dr Bowditch was, in all his habits of life, a very regular and temperate man. He never tasted any wine till the age of thirty-five. He approved the remarkable changes which have been effected in the customs of society, within a few years, by 'The Temperance Reform,' and he heartily re-

joiced in the success of that good cause. God bless it and speed it! and give its advocates discretion and sobriety as well as courage and zeal! If they would crush the serpent, they must have the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

I hope I may be pardoned in now mentioning a circumstance, known probably only to myself, and which, though of a personal nature, I venture to relate, both in discharge of the debt of gratitude which I owe to his memory, and as a very striking illustration of two traits in his character—his independence, and the strength and the constancy of his attachments. At an early stage in my ministry in this place, some twelve years ago,—at one of those periods of discouragement and despondency through which every young and inexperienced minister is called to pass, particularly in a large city like this, and which are calculated to cower and crush the spirit of every one who has not nerves of steel and a heart of flint,—at that trying moment, Dr Bowditch stood by me firm as a rock. He assured me of his confidence, his approbation, and his firm adherence. 'Never mind it,' said he, 'go on and do your duty, and be not anxious about the result. I will stand by you to the last.' These few words, from *such* a man, were encouraging. They cheered my heart, they nerved my mind, they strengthened my hands, they enabled me to go forward without fear. I felt as though I had Altas under me, shoring me up. This assurance, too, was entirely voluntary and unsought; and only a few months before his death he again alluded to the subject, commended the quiet and steady course which I had pursued, and congratulated me on the result in the peaceful and prosperous condition of the parish.

No one has ever before heard me, in public or private, allude to this subject. For I am not one of those who tell their griefs and sue for sympathy. I appeal to you, my faithful parishioners, whether you have ever heard me lisp a syllable of complaint on this point. I kept my feelings to myself; and I now [illegible] publicly of the matter, as a mere incident in the annals of the parish, and with no feeling but that of gratitude to the memory of my independent and unbiassing friend.

In religious views, Dr Bowditch was, from early conviction, a firm and decided Unitarian. But he had no taste for the polemics or peculiarities of any sect, and did not love to dwell on the distinctive and dividing points of Christian doctrine. His religion was rather an inward sentiment, flowing out into the life, and revealing itself in his character and actions. It was at all times, and at all periods of his life, a controlling and sustaining principle. He confided in the providence and benignity of his Heavenly Father, as revealed by his blessed Son, our Lord, and had the most unshaken confidence in the wisdom and rectitude of all the divine appointments. He looked forward with firm faith to an immortality in the spiritual world.

He said to one, in his last illness, 'From my boyhood my mind has been religiously impressed. I never did or could question the existence of a Superintending Being, and that he took an interest in the affairs of men. I have always endeavored to regulate my life in subjection to his will, and studied to bring my mind to an acquiescence in his dispensations; and now, at its close, I look back with gratitude for the manner in which he has distinguished me, and for the many blessings of my lot. I can only say that I am content, that I go willingly, resigned, and satisfied.' To another he said, 'In my youth I fell in with some young associates who were skeptically disposed, having read the books and imbibed the notions of Voltaire and Paine, and they labored hard to make me of the same way of thinking with themselves. But I battled it with them stoutly, not with the logic of Locke, for I knew nothing about that, but with the logic *here*'—pointing to his breast.

Dr Bowditch was very familiar with the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, more so than some professed theologians who make it their especial study. He had read the Bible in his childhood, under the eye of a pious mother, and he loved to quote and repeat the sublime and touching language of Holy Writ.

Such, my hearers, had been the life, and such the character of our distinguished fellow-citizen and beloved fellow worshipper; and such was he to the last, through all the agonies of a most distressing illness. In the midst of health and usefulness, in the full discharge of the duties of life, and in the full enjoyment of its satisfactions, the summons suddenly comes to him to leave it. And he meets the summons with the utmost equanimity and composure, with the submission of a philosopher and with the resignation of a Christian. He certainly had much to live for—few have more—but he gave up all without repining or complaint. He said he should have liked to live a little longer, to complete his great work, and see his younger children grown up and settled in life. 'But I am perfectly happy,' he added, 'and ready to go, and entirely resigned to the will of Providence. He arranged all his affairs, gave his directions with minuteness, and dictated and signed his last will and testament. While his strength permitted, he continued to attend to the necessary affairs of his office, and on the day previous to his death put his name to an important instrument. In the intervals of pain, he prepared, as I have already remarked, the remaining copy and corrected the proof sheets of the fourth volume of his great work, the printing of which was nearly finished at the time of his death. It is a little remarkable that the last page that he read was the one thousandth. It was gratifying to him to find that his mind was unenfeebled by disease and pain; and one day, after solving one of the hardest problems in the book, he exclaimed, in his enthusiastic way, 'I feel that I am Nathaniel Bowditch still—only a little weaker.'

He contiaued, indeed, in all respects, the same man to the last. He did not think that this was the time to put on a new face or assume a new character. His feelings were unaffected, his manners unchanged, by the prospect before him. He seemed to those about him only to be going on a long journey. To the end, he manifested the same cheerfulness, nay pleasantry, which he had when in health, without, however, the least admixture of levity. In his great kindness, he exerted himself to see many friends, every one of whom, I believe, will bear testimony to his calm, serene state of mind. The words which he spoke in those precious interviews they will gather up and treasure in their memory, and will never forget them so long as they live. She certainly will not, to whom, when on her taking leave of him she had said 'Good night,' he replied, 'No, my dear, say not 'Good night,' but 'Good morning,' for the next time we meet will be on the morning of the resurrection.'

One day, toward the close of his lingering illness, after he had himself given up all hope of recovery, he asked one who stood by him what were the two Greek words which signify 'easy death.' The word not immediately suggesting itself to the person, and he having mentioned over several phrases and combinations of words, Dr Bowditch said, 'No, you have not got the right word; but you will find it in Pope's Correspondence.' The person found the letter, which was the last that Dr Arbuthnot wrote to his friend. The conclusion of it is as follows; 'A recovery, in my case, and at my age, is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is euthanasia.' On hearing this read, Dr Bowditch said, 'Yes, that is the word, euthanasia. That letter I read forty years ago, and I have not seen it since. It made an impression on my mind which is still fresh. It struck me, at the time I read it, that the good physician who wrote it would certainly have an easy death. It could not be otherwise. The excellent, the virtuous, must be happy in their death.' He afterwards frequently recurred to this subject, and the day previous to his departure, he said, 'This is, indeed, euthanasia.'

Through the whole of his illness he manifested the same happy and delightful frame of mind. His room did not appear like the chamber of sickness and dissolution. The light of his serene and placid countenance dispelled all gloom, and his cheerful composure robbed death of all its bitterness and anguish. He exemplified in his own case the sentiment so beautifully expressed by Hafiz, the Persian poet, which he loved to repeat:—

'On parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.'

He did not wish to see those about him look sad and gloomy. On one occasion he said, 'I feel no gloom within me; why should you wear it on your faces?' And then he called for Bryant's Poems, and desired them to read his favorite piece, 'The Old Man's Funeral.'

'Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has past?'

And then he went on and commented on the remaining lines of the poem, pointing out those which he thought were descriptive of himself, and modestly disclaiming others that were commendatory, as not belonging to him; but which all impartial persons would unite in saying were singularly applicable to his character.

On the morning of his death, when his sight was very dim, and his voice almost gone, he called his children around his bedside, and arranging them in the order of age, pointed to and addressed each by name, and said, 'You see I can distinguish you all; and I now give you all my parting blessing. The time is come. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.' These were his last words. After this he was heard to whisper, in a scarcely audible tone, the words 'pretty, pleasant, beautiful.' But it cannot be known, whether he was thinking of his own situation as pleasant, in being thus surrounded at such a time by those he loved, or whether he 'snatched a fearful joy' in a glimpse of the spiritual world. Soon after this he quietly breathed away his soul, and departed. 'And the end of that man was peace.' Such a death alone was wanting to complete such a life and crown and seal such a character.—He died on Friday, the 16th day of March, and I am now pronouncing his eulogy on the last day of his 65th year.

He was buried, as he had lived, privately and without parade or show, on the quiet morning of the last Sabbath. His funeral was attended only by his family and two others; yet, in the person of the Chief Magistrate, I fancied I saw the Spirit of the Commonwealth doing homage to the talents and virtues of her illustrious son. As the hearse passed along through the silent streets, bearing that precious dust to its last resting place, the snow-flakes fell upon it, the fit emblems of his purity and worth. And many a wet eye, here, and in the place of his nativity, and elsewhere, wept for him, and many a heart blessed his memory, and mourned that a friend, and a benefactor, and a good man had departed.

He has built his own monument, more enduring than marble; and in his splendid scientific name, and in his affectionate and delightful character, has bequeathed to his children the richest legacy. His spirit, I doubt not, and her spirit, will still continue to influence and guide them. And let them remember the sentiment of the Roman annalist, that 'the true way of testifying our respect and love for the departed is not to follow them with an unavailing grief, but to remember their wishes and fulfil their injunctions.' They have the satisfaction of reflecting that their parent lived a happy, an honorable, and a useful life. The sailor traverses the sea more safely by means of his labors, and the widow's and the orphan's treasure is more securely guarded in consequence of his care. He was the Great Pilot who steered all our ships over the ocean; and though dead, he yet liveth, and speaketh, and acteth, in the recorded wisdom of his invaluable book. The world has been the wiser and the happier that he has lived in it.

He has left an example, as I intimated in the beginning of this Discourse, full of instruction and encouragement to the young, and especially to those among them who are struggling with poverty and difficulties. He has shown them that poverty is no dishonor, and need be no hindrance; that the greatest obstacles may be surmounted by persevering industry and an indomitable will. He has shown them to what heights of greatness and glory they may ascend by truth, temperance, and toil. He has proved to them that fame need not be sought for solely in political life; although that is a worthy field, and the country must be served,—and served, too, not by the worst, but by the best men,—not by the factious, the ignorant, the scheming, but by the wisest, the most enlightened, thebest accomplished that we have among us; by men who dare to tell the people of their duties as well as of their rights; and who, instead of meanly flattering them for their votes, will boldly speak to them the words of truth and soberness, and point out to them their errors and faults.

Above all, Dr Bowditch has left us a most glorious and precious legacy in his example of integrity, love of truth, moral courage, and independence. He has taught the young men here, and the world over, that there is nothing so grand and beautiful as moral principle, nothing so sublime as adherance to truth, and right, and duty, through good report and through evil report. He has, indeed, blessed, the world greatly by his science and his practical wisdom; but quite as much, nay, far more, I think, by his upright and manly character. He has taught mankind that reverence for duty, and trust in Providance, and submission to His will, and faith in the rectitude of all His appointments, and a filial reliance upon is love, are sentiments not unworthy nor unbecoming the greatest philosopher. For this we honor and eulogize him; not for wealth, title, fortune, those miserable outsides and trappings of humanity, but for the qualities of the inner man, which still live, and will live for ever. He studied the stars on the earth—may he not now be tracking their courses through the heavens? Long ere this, perhaps, he knows all the beauties and the mysteries of their tangled mazes—has examined the rings of Saturn and the belts of Jupiter, traversed the milky way, and chased the comet through infinity. Methinks I hear his departing and ascending spirit exclaiming, as it wings its flight upwards, in the language of the beautiful hymn:

'Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,'

'Many shall commend his understanding; and so long as the world endureth, it shall not be blotted out. His memorial shall not depart away, and his name shall live from generation to generation.'

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

We have been furnished, by the politeness of a friend in Philadelphia, with the fifth annual Report to the Contributors to this Institution; from which we learn that it is in a very flourishing condition, owing in a great degree to the judicious and faithful exertions of Julius R. Friedlander, the Principal. The whole number of Pupils in the Institution is 50. The branches taught are Reading, Writing, English Grammar, the German Language, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geography, Natural Philosophy, and History. In music, great proficiency has been made. The female pupils have been occupied in a variety of fancy handi work; and great care has been bestowed upon them to furnish them with a sufficient knowledge of household employment. A printing press has recently been set up in the Institution, which is in full operation for the publication both of text books and for the supply of general literature for the blind. By the contributions of benevolent individuals, sundry appropriations of the legislature, and especially, by the munificent Legacy of William Young Birch, who left the greatest part of his well earned wealth for this purpose, the Institution has been liberally endowed, and under the control of wise and good men, promises to be widely useful in coming years.

One excellent measure for the literary entertainment and instruction of the blind, has been recently commenced at the Pennsylvania Institution—we allude to the issuing, monthly, of a periodical, in raised letters, entitled the STUDENT'S MAGAZINE.

The terms of subscription will be Three Dollars per annum. The objects proposed are, 1st, to provide the pupils monthly with new reading, made up of extracts from such works as would be perhaps too expensive, or inexpedient to print entire. 2d, The more rapid advancement of the pupils in composition, from a public exhibition of their talents in this way. 3d, To awaken the attention and excite the interest of the public, in behalf of this neglected class of our fellow beings. 4th, The vast importance of bringing to the homes of all the blind, a great means of education, which, from their inability to enter an Institution, or the want of a work like this, they could never command.

QUESTIONS ON THE 'MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST.' For Sunday Schools. By T. B. Fox, Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Company. 1838.

We are glad to see this neat little book of Questions. Nothing is more difficult than to furnish proper questions for the study of the New Testament—such as will be intelligible to the child, and, at the same time calculated to excite his attention and draw out his deepest thoughts. Mr Fox's Questions are prepared with great skill, judgement and taste.

His suggestions to teachers are invaluable.

The '*Ministry of Jesus Christ*,' accompanied by the Questions, is a most admirable Manual for Sunday Schools. We shall adopt it in our own, and can unhesitatingly recommend it to the examination and use of all who are in quest of a first rate class book.

Frederick W. Holland (recently of the Divinity School, Harvard University,) having received a unanimous call, was ordained at Brooklyn, N. Y. on Wednesday of the last week, over the First Unitarian Society in that city. The following was the order of exercises on that interesting oscasion.

1. Anthem; 2. Introductory Prayer; 3. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. R. W. Emerson; 4. Hymn; 5. Sermon, by Rev. Dr Henry Ware, Jr. of Cambridge; 6. Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Dr Follen, of New York; 7. Original Hymn, by the Rev. John Pierpont;* 8. Charge, by the Rev. Orville Dewey, of New-York; 9. Right Hand of Fellowship by the Rev. Mr Hall, of Dorchester, Mass; 10. Anthem; 11. Address to the People, by the Rev. Mr Hall, of Dorchester, Mass.; 12. Concluding Prayer; 13. Doxology: 14. Benediction.

*HYMN.

To thee, O God, our Rock,
Sing we a joyful song:
Who hast not left thy flock,
Without a shepherd long.
O, may the voice
Thy Spirit gave,
O'er Jordan's wave,
Approve our choice.

To him whom thou hast sent,
To labor in this field,
Lord, let thine aid be lent,
That so his ground shall yield
A large increase;
And so shall he,
When called to thee,
Depart in peace.

'Good Shepard!' let *thy* care
To old and young extend;
These in thy bosom bear,
O'er those in pity bend:—
Thy voice alone
We love to hear,
Be ever near,
To guard thine own.

Beside still waters led,
Through pleasant vales that flow,
And in green pastures fed,
May this, thy people, grow
In every grace,
Till all, above,
In light and love,
Behold thy face.

N. B. Several articles intended for this week are necessarily deferred.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZABETH HEATH, LATE OF BROOKLINE, MASS.

And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say 'The Lord hath need of them.'—Matt. xxi. 3.

Her task being finished below,
Thou hast taken the friend whom we love:
We will not '*say aught*,' for we know
Thou '*hast need*' of her service above.

Her pulse has forgotten to beat;
All anguish has passed from her brow;—
She's with us no longer—but yet
We *feel she is loving us* now.

Perhaps from the regions of light,
Her spirit can watch us—though we
Are forbidden, still dwelling in night,
The form of a *Seraph* to see.

Should sin ever lead us astray,
Her spirit might grieve at the sight;
And if we should conquer, we may
Give even an *Angel* delight.

Let us think, at our evening prayer,
That still she is hovering near,
And hath in the offering a share,
Though her accents no *mortal* can hear.

If to guide us while wandering below
Be the task that to Angels is given;
Perhaps each good prompting we know
Is a whisper from her who's in heaven.

J. S. W.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. M. G. E.

Nec purior anima, nec melior, ad cœlicolas a terra decessit.

In the bright morning of thy loveliness
And dewy freshness of thy youth, I saw
Thy look and part of native nobleness,
Chastened with serious thought and pious awe,
As thou didst kneel to pray, in early quest
Of wisdom's ways, that lead to heavenly rest.
And I have marked how steadfastly thy feet
Those ways have kept; as in thy maiden prime,
So thro' all changes wrought by changeful time.
No joy, as doing good, to thee so sweet.
Wife, mother, friend and christian, each in thee
Shone with a lustre angels joy to see.
Faith now beholds thy spirit, rob'd in stainless white,
Forever more made perfect with the saints in light.

Salem, March, F——

CONGRESS.

The business transacted on Monday was not important in either house.

In the Senate on Tuesday, a number of petitions were presented and referred. The Senate took up a resolution offered some time since, by Mr Davis, calling for information to enable the Senate to judge what fortifications might be diminished or dispensed with, and whether a system of defence by the aid of steam batteries might not be more economical and efficient than the present. Mr Davis explained and advocated the resolution at considerable length.—Mr Benton opposed it, but after some further explanation by Mr Davis it was agreed to.

In the House, Mr Hunter of Ohio, and Mr Lincoln of Mass., who have been confined to their rooms by sickness, appeared for the first time.

On motion of Mr Briggs, it was resolved, that the chart of country across the Isthmus of Panama accompanying the President's message, relating to a canal or water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, be lithographed and published with said message.

The Committee on the Judiciary were discharged from the Senate's anti-duelling bill, and it was referred to the committee on the late duel.

The House resumed the consideration of the Navy Appropriation bill, and several amendments relating to the exploring expedition having been rejected the bill passed to be engrossed, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, a number of petitions and private bills were acted upon.

The subject of our relations with Mexico was brought up, particularly as regards claims for indemnity for spoliations. The subject was debated for some time by Messrs. Walker, Buchanan, Clay, Preston, Benton and King, but without taking any question the Senate took up the bill relating to the price of the public lands. Mr Clay spoke against the bill. He was followed by Mr Hubbard.

The Naval Appropriation bill was read twice and referred; and the Senate after a short Executive session, adjourned.

In the House, the report of the Committee on the District, requesting to be discharged from further consideration of a retrocession, was taken up; on motion of Mr Bouldin, the subject was laid on the table.

The Naval Appropriation Bill was read a third time, and passed.

The House took up the bill making appropriation for the Cumberland Road, but without taking any question, adjourned.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Mr Grundy, from the select committee, presented a report, accompanied with the following resolution;—

Resolved, That there is no sufficient evidence to establish the charges of corruption made against the Hon. John Ruggles.

The resolution lies on the table for consideration.

The Senate took up the bill reducing and graduating the price of public lands. On motion of Mr Hubbard the bill was so modified, as to make the minimum price 75 cents, and the longest time for any process of reduction, ten years.

A motion to limit each purchaser to one section was agreed to. Yeas 18, nays 14.

Mr Tipton moved a provision, that no purchaser should be prohibited from buying any quantity of land at $1 25 per acre, and the amendment, with this provision, was adopted. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 21 to 16, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House the Cumberland road bill was discussed, but no question was taken.

In the Senate, on Friday April 13th, a number of private bills were read a third time and passed.

The Senate took up the bill reducing the price of public lands, on its third reading. Messrs. Calhoun and Buchanan explained their reasons for voting against the bill, which was then passed—yeas 27, nays 16.

A large number of private bills were ordered to a third reading, and the Senate, after a short executive session, adjourned to Monday.

In the House, several memorials were presented relating to the late duel. A number of reports on private business were received from committees.

The order of the day, the bill to establish a Board of Claims, was postponed to Friday next, in order that the House might proceed to act upon such private bills as should not give rise to debate.

The residue of the day was spent in attempting to do this, but for want of a quorum, the House finally adjourned.

The Senate did not sit on Saturday.

The doings of the House related principally to affairs of a private or local kind.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, April 11th. The session was taken up by the discussion of the bill for the relief of insolvent debtors.

In the House the bill regulating the sale of spirituous liquors was passed to be engrossed.

The bill to establish the Old Colony railroad and to grant the aid of the State thereto, was read a third time, and after some discussion, passed to be engrossed.

In the Senate on Thursday April 12th, The resolves concerning Slavery were dicussed, amended in various places, and passed to be engrossed by an unanimous vote.

In the Senate, on Friday, April 13th. Bills to repeal the charters of the Fulton and Kilby Banks, and to incorporate the Worcester Branch Rail Road Company, passed to be engrossed.

The bill to repeal the charter of the Commercial Bank passed to a third reading.

Pursuant to assignment, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to regulate the Sale of Spiritous Liquors.

Before taking the question, the senate adjourned to 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON.—Messrs. Carter and King were joined to the committee of the House on the subject of the Oriental Bank.

The consideration of the bill to regulate the Sale of Spirituous Liquors was resumed, but before the final question, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, bills passed to be enacted:—To incorporate the Bristol and Norfolk Mining Company; concerning writs and absent defendants; to incorporate the District of Boston Corner.

The Bill to incorporate the New England Academy passed to be engrossed in concurrence.

The resolves relating to the right of petition passed to be engrossed in concurrence.

In the Senate, Saturday, April 14th, bills passed to be enacted; to incorporate the Bristol and Norfolk Mining Company; concerning writs and absent defendants.

Resolve passed,—Concerning the North Eastern Boundary.

The Report on the petition of the Mansfield Mining Coal and the Massachuseetts and Mansfield Mining Companies, was taken up and accepted. and Messrs. Goodrich of Norfolk, and Motley of Suffolk, were appointed on the viewing Committee on the part of the Senate.

The consideration of the bill to regulate the sale of Spirituous Liquors was resumed.

The question was then stated on passing the bill to be engrossed, and on motion of Mr Palfrey, it was taken by yeas and nays, and determined in the affirmative as follows, viz:—

YEAS—Messrs. Adams, Boise, Brown, Burnell, Carter, Child, Eaton, Farwell, Filly, Goodrich, Hancock, Kimball, King, Kinnicutt, Lane, Lawrence, Marston, May, Meigs, Palfrey, Richardson, Shaw, Spofford, Walcott, 24.

NAYS—Messrs Alvord, Ashum, Brooks, Clark, Gurney, Motley, Park, Quincy, Warren, 9.

Sent down for concurrence.

In the House, on Saturday, April 14th, a report from the Senate, fixing upon Saturday the 24th inst. for the prorogation of the two Branches of the Legislature, was read and accepted in concurrence.

Bills passed to be engrossed.—For an allowance to widows for necessaries &c.; to aid in the construction of the Boston and Nashua Rail Road; concerning Police Courts and the Justices Court in the County of Suffolk; to alter and amend an act providing for the appointment of Bank Commissioners; to incorporate the Cummington Manufacturing Company; to prescribe the duties of the Secretary of the Board of Education; to unite the Mansfield Mining Company, and the Massachusests and Mansfield Mining Companies, to repeal the charter of the Kilby Bank; concerning the State Prison, &c.; repealing the charter of the Fulton Bank.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE LICENSE LAW.

The bill regulating the sale of spirituous liquors was under discussion in the Senate, the whole of Saturday, and was ultimately passed in the following form.

AN ACT to regulate the sale of Spiritous Liquors.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Sec. 1. No licensed innholder, retailer, common vitualler, or other person, except as hereinafter provided, shall sell any brandy, rum, or other spirituous liquors, or any mixed liquor, part of which is spirituous, in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, and that delivered and carried away all at one time, on pain of forfeiting not more than twenty dollars nor less than ten dollars for each offence, to be recovered in the manner and for the use provided in the twenty-sixth section of the forty-seventh chapter of the revised statutes.

Sec. 2. The county commissioners in the several counties, may license for their respective towns as many apothecaries, or practising physicians as they deem necessary to be retailers of spirituous liquors, to be used in the arts, or for medical purposes only; and the mayor and aldermen of the several cities, may, in like manner, and for like purpose, license apothecaries, as retailers for their respective cities, and the court of common pleas in the county of Suffolk, in like manner and for like purposes, may license apothecaries or practising physicians, as retailers in the town of Chelsea, which licenses shall be granted in the same manner and under the same restrictions now provided by law for licensing retailers; *provided*, that no more than one apothecary or physician shall be licensed to every two thousand inhabitants; but in towns where there are not two thousand inhabitants, one such apothecary or physician may be licensed; and in towns where there are no apothecaries or practising physician, such other person may be licensed as may be deemed suitable by the licensing officers aforesaid; *provided, however*, that no person or apothecary so licensed, shall sell any spirituous liquors to be drunk on or about his premises, under the penalty provided in the first section of this act.

Sec. 3. All licenses hereafter granted to innholders, retailers, and common victuallers, shall be so framed as not to authorize the licensed persons to sell brandy, rum, or any other spirituous liquors; and no excise or fee shall be required for such a license.

Sec. 4. The provisions of all laws now in force inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 5. [As finally amended.] This act shall take effect on and after the first day of July next, but shall have no effect on licenses granted before that time.

New York Election.—The New York city election, which took place last week, and about which there was great excitement and effort with the different parties,—has resulted in favor of the Whigs by a small majority. Mr Clark, Whig candidate for Mayor, is elected by an excess of 139 votes over all other candidates.

In each branch of the Common Council the Whigs have one majority.

Coal Trade.—The business has not yet been opened in our region, in consequence of the large stock in the general market, amounting as we understand, to about two hundred thousands tons of coal. Of this quantity remaining over but a small quantity of is red ash. The quantity of coal mined during the past winter, is about one hundred thousand tons less than during the preceeding winter, amounting as nearly as we can ascertain to sixty thousand tons. From present appearances, the probability is that little coal will be shipped, except for the line of the canal, before the first of May ensuing. This is owing to the backwardness evinced by the dealers abroad to contract for supplies, and the disposition to clear the wharves in Philadelphia before new supplies are received.—*Miner's Journal, April* 4th.

The Governor of Tennessee, in accordance with the provisions of the act of the Legislature, has subscribed $650,000 in behalf of the State to the stock of the Charleston and Ohio Rail Road Company.

The Bank Convention recently in session at New York, adjourned *sine die* on Monday, after having recommended the first of January next as a day proper to be fixed upon for a general resumption of specie payments.

County of Franklin in Maine.—At the last session of the legislature of Maine, an act passed establishing a new county, bearing the name of Franklin and composed of parts of the old counties of Oxford, Somerset and Kennebeck. This act was to go into effect only on condition that the inhabitants of the towns enclosed in the new county should give their consent to it, by the major vote of those who should vote upon it in town meetings to be called for the purpose. The sense of the inhabitants upon the proposition was taken on Monday of last week, and decided in favor of it, by yeas 2153, nays 441.—*Dai Adv.*

Artificial Rubies and Emeralds.—We learn from a recent letter of Dr Cooper, published in the Columbia Telescope, that at his suggestion, Dr Ellett, professor of chemistry in the South Carolina college, has repeated with great promise of success, the experiment of a French chemist, for the production of artificial rubies and emeralds, by means of pure alumine acted on by the compound blow pipe, with chrome as the coloring matter. Perfect rubies were produced, by Professor Ellett, which easily scratched an agate seal. The basis was pure alumine, and the coloring matter bichromat of potash. If the specimen be taken as soon as fused, it is a ruby; if the heat be continued, the chromic acid is converted into oxyde of chrome, and an emerald is the result. The specimens were of fine color, transparent, and the experiment unobjectionable and satisfactory.—*Charleston Courier.*

NOBLE CONDUCT OF AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN. Under this title we find the following letter addressed to the editor, in the Novascotian, of the 3d inst, published at Halifax, N. S.

Her Majesty's Ship Hercules, }
Halifax Harbor, 28th March, 1838. }

Sir: May I beg the favor of your giving insertion to the following statement: On our passage from England to this port, when in latitude 42° N. and longitude 32° W. we observed a sail haul up for us, apparently with the desire of speaking this ship. I immediately closed with her, and found it to be the American ship 'Commerce,' of and from Charleston, bound to Liverpool, commanded by Capt Perry, and that his object in communicating with us, was to beg that we would receive on board part of the crew of the 'Elizabeth Caroline,' of St Stephens New Brunswick, which vessel he had met, dismasted and waterlogged in latitude 39° N. and longitude 45° W. and had taken all the crew off the wreck six day previously. These unfortunate persons had been 23 days on the forecastle of the vessel, lashed to the windlass, exposed to every sea, with barely sufficient food to sustain life, and all the water that they had remaining was but two gallons, when the 'Commerce,' fell in with her. My motive in detailing to you these particulars, is, principally to express my admiration, and that of all those under my command, at the generous and humane conduct of Capt Perry, as it has been made known to us by the men late belonging to the 'Elizabeth Caroline.' It appears that the 'Commerce' fell in with this wreck by the merest chance, at about half past 9 at night, on the 4th of March; and that on hearing the crew, the 'Commerce' shortened sail, wore round, and went close alongside of the waterlogged vessel, Capt Perry hailing them with these cheering words, as the men have represented; 'Keep up your hearts, boys—there is too much sea to board you now, but I will never leave you till I take you off;' and through the night he twice or thrice passed round them, repeating those consoling words, and offering to veer to them water and provisions, if they were in immediate want of either. These generous assurances this brave sailor rigidly fulfilled, and after perseveringly keeping close to the vessel for two nights and a day, blowing very hard all the time, he at length succeeded in getting the people all out of her into the 'Commerce' where he clothed them, and treated them with a kindness, which as they gratefully say, they can never forget, or will cease to acknowledge. In thus making known the exemplary conduct of Capt Perry, it is with sorrow I have to draw a disgraceful contrast on the part of a vessel, barque rigged, which, on the very morning of the day that the 'Commerce' fell in with 'Elizabeth Caroline,' hauled up within three miles of the wreck, and took in her studding sails; yet, though the weather was then fine, she bore up again to the Eastward without offering the slightest assistance, her object thus evidently seemed to have been only plunder; and that on discovering living persons on board of the 'Elizabeth Caroline,' which would have rendered this design abortive, she at once abandoned them all to their fate. For the honor of the two nations it is to be hoped that those who acted thus inhumanly, did not belong to either England or America, though the crew of the shipwrecked vessel, I regret to say, believe her to be English; but, to whatever country she may belong, I trust her name, and that of her unfeeling master, will be brought to light, in order that the man who could act so heartless, so cruel a part, may be held up to the execration of mankind; and thus receive the punishment which he so well deserves. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. TOUP NICHOLAS,
Captain H. M. S. Hercules.

P. S. I may add, that with the view of shewing our admiration of the noble conduct of Capt Perry, in staying so long and so perseveringly in a gale of wind, by the wreck of the 'Elizabeth Caroline,' the officers of the 'Hercules,' and myself, together with Major Estcourt of the 43d Regiment, and the officers of the detachments of the 15th, 34th, 66th and 85th Regiments, taking a passage in this ship from England, have made a subscription for a piece of Plate, which we mean to present to this worthy American Captain, as a lasting memorial of the generous deed which he performed. J. T. N.

From England.—London papers to March 9th, have been received by arrivals at New York. The news they furnish is not important.

In the House of Commons, March 2, Sir Robert Peel inquired of Lord Russell why the papers relating to the boundary line between New Brunswick, and the State of Maine had not been laid on the table. Lord John Russell replied that they would be produced in the course of a few days.

In the House of Commons, March 8, the whole sitting was consumed in debate on Sir William Molesworth's motion to address the Queen, declaring that the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, does not enjoy the confidence of the House or of the country.

After some discussion Lord Sandon moved an amendment to Sir William Molesworth's motion, extending the condemnation of the colonial policy to the whole cabinet.

In the course of the debate Lord Stanley went at great length into the administration of the Canadian affairs under the preceding and present ministry, vindicating the former from the charge of having laid the foundation of the troubles, and strongly censuring the inactivity of Lord Glenelg. In the course of his speech, Lord Stanley declared that 'he was happy to pay that tribute which any man would pay to the honorable and handsome manner in which the government of the United States had maintained its neutrality'—declaring that it was a piece of good fortune to the government of Britain.

His lordship added that 'if the government of the United States had happened to avail themselves of the pretext that the border States were too ready to avail themselves of troops crossing the main, and had interposed to demand a settlement of the question of the boundaries by an immediate occupation, our forces, anxious to repel the aggressions of the United States, would not have been enabled to pull down a wretched insurrection.'

On request of Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth's motion was withdrawn, and the question was taken on the amendment, and decided against it. Yeas, 287, Nays, 316, majority for ministers 29.

From Cadiz and Gibraltar—Capt. Paine of ship Hull, at this port on Saturday, from Cadiz, March 14 reports that very severe gales were experienced at Cadiz and Gibraltar, Feb. 14 and 15th, in which a great number of vessels went ashore. Among the rest, the French ship of the line Le Suffren, was a total loss.

Capt. Paine also states three fourths of all the salt at Cadiz was destroyed by gales of wind and incessant rain, which continued from Jan. 1 to March 1. He was pointed to places where piles of 500 lasts of salt has been washed away and not a bushel left.—The price had risen 75 cents per last in consequence.—*Dai. Adv.*

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Massachusetts Peace Society will be held at the Berry Street Vestry on Monday evening next, at half past 7 o'clock. All persons interested are respectfully invited to attend.

DEATHS.

In this city, on 15th inst. John Binney Esq. 58, President of the Granite Bank, and Tremont Insurance Company. Mr B. was well known as an enterprising merchant, and was for several years an Alderman of this city.

On Sunday, of consumption, Miss Elizabeth Stimson, 34.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs Sarah, widow of the late Mr John Punchard, 44.

In this city, Mrs Ann Elizabeth Hennessey, 29; Mrs Sarah Nutting, 64, formerly of Newton; Mr Henry B. French, 27; Miss Haile Rand, 67.

In Dorchester on the 18th inst. Mrs Susannah Bird, wife of Mr Jacob Bird, aged 54.

In Hingham, Capt. Samuel Stodder, 78, a soldier of the revolution.

In Duxbury, 7th inst. Mrs Rebecca W. Moore, wife of Rev. Josiah Moore, 32; Capt. Nathaniel Kent, 79, a soldier of the revolution.

In Philadelphia, 5th inst. Thomas Butler, Esq. a native of South Carolina. He had contemplated making Newport R. I. his summer residence, and had purchased a large and valuable estate, for the purpose of erecting a costly edifice.

In Prince George's County, Md. 9th inst. Abiel Holbrook, Esq. a native of Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr Robbins, Mr Daniel Burrows to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr Daniel Wise.

In Charlestown, Mr Phineas Kelly, of this city, to Miss Abby A. Lawrence.

In Salem, Mr Geo. C. Hodgdon, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth F. Ropes, of Salem.

At New York, on Thursday, the 12th inst., by Rev. Dr Wainright, Mr Charles A. Fuller, late of the U. S. A., to Miss Charlotte A. Fullerton, youngest daughter of James Fullerton, Esq. late of Boston.

ENGLISH BOOKS,

CAMPBELL'S Poetical Works, illustrated, 1 vol. 8vo.
Southey's Cowper, 15 vols 12mo
The Spectator, 8 vols 12mo
Townley Gallery, 2 vols 12mo
Monk of Cimies, 1 vol 12mo
Land and Sea Tales, by the Old Sailor, 2 vols
Brown's Zoologist's Text Book, 2 vols 12mo
British Naturalist, 1 vol 12mo
Scott's Poetical Works, 12 vols 12mo
Lamb's Dramatic Works, 2 vols 12mo
Burns's Works, 8 vols
Sir Edgerton edition of Milton, 6 vols
Book of Fishes, Reptiles, and Animals, 3 vols 16mo
Burton's Anatomy, one vol 8vo
Robert Hall's complete Works, 6 vols 8vo
One God the Father, by T. F. Barham, M. B.
Wood's Lectures on the evidences of the Christian Religion
Murch's History of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches in W. England
Book of Gems, 1836 and 1837.
Received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. a 21

MR YOUNG'S EULOGY on Dr BOWDITCH—just published, and for sale by
a 21 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL QUESTIONS.—Questions to the Ministry of Jesus Christ, by Rev. Thomas B. Fox. This day published by
a 21 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

FLORA'S Gems, a superb work, royal quarto in very rich binding.
The New Testament, dedicated to Queen Victoria a new and superb edition illuminated, 4to.
Campbell's Poetical Works, a new edition illust.
The Romance of Nature 8 vo.
Finden's Ports and Harbors of Great Britain 4to. plates.
Works of Southey 3

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HYMN,

For the opening of a Sunday School.

We meet, a gathering band,
Within these sacred walls,
Before thy presence, Lord, to stand,
Where mercy's sunlight falls,
With humble confidence we pray
Thy blessing on our future way.

Here would we bend the knee,
Our fervent prayer to raise;
Here sing, Eternal One! to thee,
Our songs of grateful praise.
Here would we own thy gracious power,
Thy guiding hand in every hour.

God! thou hast been our Stay,
Nor e'er thy care withheld.
Though dangers hovered o'er our way,
Thy word our fears dispelled.
Thy hand our wandering steps has led;
Thy love its ceaseless blessings shed.

With sad and tearful eye,
Two vacant seats we trace;
Yet gathered to the fold on high,
To share his kind embrace,
Their Shepherd's voice our loved ones hear,
And stand, unawed, their Savior near.

Lord! to the living spring,
And to the pastures green,
Do thou *our* steps in safety bring.
Guide us in every scene.
Our sun by day,—our shield at night,
Defend, illumine, by thy might.

April 15, 1838. Y. L. E.

From the Knickerbocker.

GOD.

The Lord, the high and holy One,
Is present every where;
Go to the regions of the sun,
And thou wilt find him there!

Go to the secret ocean caves,
Where man hath never trod,
And there, beneath the flashing waves,
Will be thy Maker, God!

Fly swiftly on the morning's wing,
To distant realms away,
Where birds, in jewelled plumage, sing
The advent of the day:

And where the lion seeks his lair,
And reindeer bounds alone—
God's presence makes the desert fair,
And cheers the frozen zone.

All Nature speaks of Him who made
The land, and sea, and sky;
The fruits that fall, the leaves that fade,
The flowers that bloom to die:

The lofty mount and lowly vale,
The lasting forest trees,
The rocks that battle with the gale,
The ever-rolling seas:

All tell the Omnipresent Lord,
The God of boundless might;
In every age and clime adored,
Whose dwelling is the light!

P. B.

From the Knickerbocker.

TO MY WIFE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee:
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was prest.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest, and my only one;
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee, seems no longer sweet:
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love with thee!
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth every where,
Bends on us both, his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside:
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free:
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

Charleston, (S. C.) March, 1829. G. W. B.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing;
And proud is the doting sire
To see her pluck the buds of spring,
Or play by the winter fire.
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,
In many a wavy curl;
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,
Her native charms expand;
Till her round face beams in the summer ray,
Like the rose of her own blest land,
There's music in her laughing tone,
A darker shade on the curl,
And Beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,
At the holy altar rail,
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
Her innocence the pearl;
And these are ever the bridal gems
That are worn by the English girl.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTENGEN.

The University of Gottingen was solemnly consecrated the 17th of September 1737, and has now therefore completed the 100th year of its existence, forming a period of unexampled brilliancy and usefulness in academical history. I shall not now enter into the details of its foundation and subsequent progress, but confine myself entirely to the account of the great jubilee, for which preparations were made during the whole time I was there. At the beginning of 1837 expectation was at a very high pitch, and it was fully expected that not only the learned from all Germany, but many of its princes and crowned heads would be present at the festival, and among the rest our three royal dukes, Cambridge, Sussex and Cumberland, the King of Bavaria, the Duke of Brunswick &c., who were students here for many years. The death of King William threw a damp upon the proceedings, by depriving them of a kind patron, and displacing many of the previous ministers, and filling the public mind with more weighty, though certainly not so agreeable considerations. This difficulty however was surmounted, the grants and regulations for the festival made by the former government were confirmed by the new, and again the preparations proceeded. Our late King had given 1400*l.* towards the erection of the new college building, and the completion of this chaste and elegant edifice, was hastened that it might be solemnly consecrated and presented to the academical body during one of the days of the jubilæum. A statue of the munificent donor was erected in the Quadrangle, in front of the grand entrance, though carefully veiled with the intention of uncovering it with due solemnity before the assembled university. A day or two before the festival commenced another difficulty arose in bringing together and arranging the students into a procession. The policy of the government has been for a long period to isolate the students as much as possible. The verbindungen or corps into which the students had been wont to form themselves, had been broken up and forbidden under heavy penalties.

They were not allowed to distinguish the country from which each came, by the colors of their caps or the tassels of their pipes, or in any way to unite for a common purpose. There was thus too little union amongst them, and for once the authorities regretted this. The students were wise enough to see that a favorable time was come for pushing their demand for the restoration of their ancient rights. They were sulky and intractable. The proclamation concerning the jubilee posted up by the director, was squirted at by the medical students with nitric acid. His door and that of an obnoxious professor were blown to atoms by a petard, and the culprit escaped the pursuit of the university dragoons. In short there were many amusing little tricks played, which kept our minds in a pleasing state of excitement. The authorities wished the students to walk according to their professions, and in plain caps. The students would do no such thing, they would walk with their own countrymen and with their national colors, or not at all. There was much talk of an 'auszug,' i. e. of the withdrawal of the students in a body on the very day the festivities were to commence, to some distant town for the purpose of a general carousal. This frightened the authorities; they granted the color, kept a less strict watch over the house where the students consummate their duels, allowed a little more noise in the streets, and in all things showed a kind and partial spirit, as an arbitrary government *can*, when it has an end to answer. The effect was magical. The men of Hanover, the men of Luneburg, the men of Osnabruck and Hildesheim; the mountaineers from the Hartz forest, glorying in their strength, and the Hanseatic townsmen, in their freedom, rose in their might and went and ordered colored caps. The streets were filled with walking rainbows admiring and admired. The different Landsmannschaften, (a union of students from the same province) formed again, caroused together, swore everlasting friendship and sealed the oath with sparkling beer.

Every body entered with heart and soul into the preparations for the feast; silk and satin and velvet filled the tailors shops and the students minds; even the tutors relaxed from the severity of their studies, and some who had been buried from hoar antiquity wiped some of the dust off their faces, and actually took a walk! Others not approving of such extreme measures, and fearing the effect of fresh air, but still wishing to honor the occasion, determined to set apart a quarter of an hour in each day for the cultivation of the social affections, to spend only sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in study. Each landsmannschaft chose its own officer, one for each ten men, who were expected to distinguish themselves by the richness of their costumes. Nor did they disappoint these reasonable expectations,—their dresses were remarkably tasteful and elegant. A day or two before the 17th of September, the town was honored by the arrival of Alexander von Humbolt, who was received with the greatest manifestations of joy. On the 16th, the curators of the university—their excellencies the ministers von Strahlenheim, and von Arnswaldt were met at a short distance from Gottingen, and conducted into the town by a cavalcade of students in the most fantastic costumes. In the afternoon a most interesting scene took place at the academical council house, where the assembled professors of Gottingen received the deputations from the other German universities, and several foreign ambassadors. In the evening five or six hundred of us assembled in the Quadrangle in front of the university, for the purpose of carrying a 'Vivat' to Humbolt. Having formed in lines of four each, we proceeded through the streets singing in concert an old student's march to the house which contained the man whom we delighted to honor. He stood a little back in the room above our heads with the windows open, listening to the airs which were performed as a serenade. Then a student stepped forward into the centre and in a loud voice said, 'Dem Herrn Alexander von Humbolt, dem Ausgezeichneten Freund, der Jugend ein donnerndes Lebe-hoch.' An enthusiastic shout burst from every lip, and in the midst of the loud cries of 'Hoch,' 'Vivat,' &c. Humbolt himself came forward into the balcony, supported on each side by young professors who bore lights, and greeted the assembled students. And certainly never did I behold a more amiable countenance, or one which united so much of softness and benevolence of expression with so much of dignity and intellect. Never did I see such intense interest depicted in the faces of an audience as in those of the fantastic students of Gottingen, while they listened to the words of this grey haired warrior in the field of science. He spoke to them of the time, full fifty years ago, when he had been a student within those walls, a period which he considered as the most important of his life. He assured them that in the distant regions he had traversed, in all the changes to which his eventful life had been subject, his heart had still turned towards the 'Georgia Augusta' with feelings of love and veneration—that it was indeed sweet to him to receive in that place, and in the evening of his days, this tribute of affection from those whom he looked upon with so great an interest. He then retired amidst loud 'Vivats,' and leaning against the window frame listened with tears to the music which again rose to his ear. It was a truly interesting spectacle to see the time worn wanderer again returned to the scene of his youthful joys—to see the man of a former generation reviewing a long and glorious life in the presence of those of a new one, proudly conscious as he must have been, that he wished for them nothing higher or better than that they should serve their generation as he had done his.

Many other interesting spectacles were witnessed during the same day, and to the students none more so than the entrance of the artillery from Hildesheim, surrounded by a troop of red capped Hildesheim students, which promised the greatest possible amount of noise at the least possible expence of trouble—a great desideratum to a German. Equally interesting however to a common mind was the assembly in the afternoon at a public garden in the neighborhood, of all the distinguished visitors. I went there myself, and found it in some respects certainly a bear garden—for we students were there in great force—but also a lion garden, containing several fine specimens, such as Humbolt and Boekh, and Thiersch, and Welcker, and Lassen and Gesenius, and probably Bopp, (though I am not quite sure,) all walking about and talking and smoking just like common men. Then there were chance meetings of those who had studied together in their youth—and old scenes were re-called—old songs were sung—the snow of age was for a time shaken off, and its chill warmed by the beaming of so many friendly eyes. And all these feelings of delight were so picturesquely manifested by Germans who in their simple state of society were restrained by no difference of rank, no fear of 'how it looked,' or what 'Mrs Grundy would say,' from expressing what they felt; college terms and jokes once more returned to their memory and lips, and it was said that the carousals of the students themselves were not to be compared in mirth and noise to those of the 'alte Bursche.' Many vivats were given during the evening by the students, and a few pereats—indeed the rage for this sort of thing ran so high that they assembled round the statue of poor King William, and gave him a hearty *vivat!*

On Sunday the 17th of September, the jubilee itself commenced with the firing of bells and cannon, which after mature deliberation was thought the best means of preventing the inhabitants from oversleeping themselves.

About eight o'clock the students might be seen hurrying about the streets with their colors, hastening to join their countrymen, and they soon began to move in bodies with their officers and standard bearer at their head to the 'Allee.' As soon as the enormous procession had arranged itself, it moved forward through the Princes-street, Buch-street, Weender-street over the market place, to the west door of St. John's Church, in the following order. The first procession of students, composed of about eight Landsmannschaften with their Generalissimo and his staff all in splendid costumes at their head; then the Prorector in his robes of office supported by students; then the professors of the four faculties in their robes, theology in black, philosophy in violet, law and medicine in scarlet and crimson, reported to have been dyed in the blood of patients and clients, a story which did not gain much credit. Then came the great civil and military officers, the foreign ambassadors, the ministers, the deputies from the foreign universities. Then the 'respectable strangers' to the number of two thousand, mostly composed of former students. The whole closed with the second procession of students.

Of the students there were seventeen Landmannschaften, among whom were men from most parts of Europe, all distinguished by their national flag and cap. The union jack of England was not wanting, and though we were the smallest Landsmannschaft, we contrived, as Englishmen generally do, to make ourselves the most conspicuous. Our standard bearer was dressed in the costume of an English sailor, with loose white trousers, pumps, low straw hat with narrow ribbon, and above all with a short clay pipe in his mouth. The delight of the natives, (most of whom never saw either ship or sailor) was unbounded, as he coolly moved along the streets smoking his pipe and *hitching* his trowsers. The throng upon our part of the procession was immense, and nothing was talked of but 'der Englische Matrose.'

At the window of a house in the Weender Street stood his quondam grace of Cumberland looking down upon the brilliant scene, and receiving the homage of each flag as it passed. As we Englishmen approached the spot, symptoms of our national pugnacity appeared; our small commonwealth of ten was torn by intestine convulsions—the whigs declaring that the union jack should never go down before the 'Cumberland bravo,' and the tories contending that we must do as other people did; which we again objected to as *unnational*, seeing that Englishmen always do just the contrary. It was however lowered, and perhaps it was better that it was so, or some of us might have been sent to Celle to learn respect for German Potentates. The whole procession then entered the church where the chorus 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus' was sung, and an appropriate sermon delivered by professor Liebner, the university preacher. Even the venerable Blumenbach, 'the fairest pearl in the garland of the Georgia Augusta,' did not neglect to be present at this his second jubilee, and entered the church supported by his son. The service concluded with the 'Te Deum' of Graun, and a hymn written for the occasion which was sung by the whole assembly. After the service the procession again formed, and proceeded to the Quadrangle in front of the university buildings, for the purpose of witnessing the unveiling of the statue of their former rector and patron William IV. The citizens or Philistines of Gottingen adorned with oak leaves formed the outermost circle round the statue, the students one within that, the Corpus Academicum and the distinguished strangers a third, and the base of the pedestal was surrounded by fifty little girls with baskets of flowers which they strowed around it. His Majesty of Hanover was, (as the papers expressed it) 'graciously pleased to look out of a window.' His Majesty was also graciously pleased to dine, and did not disdain to sit between the prorector Bergmann, and Alexander v. Humboldt, who no doubt derived much interesting information from that distinguished Prince. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated;—the officers of the students thinking it a good opportunity while they were in such splendid dresses, serenaded the fair one of Gottingen, (there is but one, and her claims to the title are debateable), and her companions in return for this amiable little attention had the pleasure of being pelted with rose buds. The next day the procession formed in the same manner, and proceeded to the Aula of the new building, which has been tastefully decorated in the Etruscan style, under the direction of professor Muller, who delivered a Latin speech to the assembled university, which contained a short history of the Gottingen university. After the conclusion of this oration, a meeting of the royal society of sciences was held, at which I was unfortunately not able to be present. In the evening the town was rendered gay and noisy by an immense torch-procession of the 'Philistines' in honor of the university.

On Wednesday, the 20th of September, we again went in procession to the Aula, where honorary degrees were conferred on some of the distinguished strangers; and among the rest were Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Charles Bell, who were however not present. In the evening a great ball was given to the students.

On the Thursday, the students alone put themselves into order of march, and proceeded to the Aula, for the purpose of presenting their beautiful silken flags to the university, to be hung up in the Aula in commemoration of the festival. The Prorector and Deans awaited us, and each Landsmannschaft in turn passed before him presenting their flag. The English flag was given with a request that it might be suspended over the picture of our sailor king which has a conspicuous place in the Aula. The Prorector then delivered an affectionate and affecting speech to the students, thanking them in the name of the university for their splendid offering, and for the good conduct and moderation they had shewn in the midst of joy. The students then assembled for the last time in the Quadrangle, and standing in a ring, gave a cheer for 'His magnificence the Prorector,' and another for the 'Georgia Augusta,' and then after singing their old song in chorus,

Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus.
Post jucundam juventutem, post molestum senectutem.
Nos habebit humus, &c.

Dispersed, and thus closed my German student's life. WALTER COPLAND PERRY.

THE 'PALMYRA LETTERS' IN ENGLAND.

The last number of the 'London and Westminster' Quarterly Review contains an elaborate critique upon, and very copious extracts from, the 'Palmyra Letters.' The reviewer opens his article, by quoting a paragraph from Miss Martineau's 'Society in America,' wherein that clever peripatetic philosopheress refers, in laudatory phrase, to the 'Letters,' and the Knickerbocker, in which they first met her eye, where, with her previous impressions, derived from such specimens of American periodical literature as she had then seen, she says she scarcely expected to find merit so exalted. This strong testimony, it is affirmed, excited a natural desire in the mind of the reviewer for a nearer acquaintance with a production so highly commended. After remarking that there is ample food for love and admiration in the volumes, he goes on to say, that the style will forcibly remind the reader of Fenelon, by its union of a gentle and peace-loving spirit with the warmest sympathy for the active and energetic virtues; and a striking facility of kindling with the imagination, merely, at the conception of scenes of bloodshed and mortal struggle, is especially noted. Another prominent merit claimed for the 'Letters,' is, that they present, for the first time, a living picture of very ancient scenes and manners. The historical period is most felicitously chosen. During the reign of Nero or Vespasian, and Constantine, Christianity was working itself upward from the poorest and most despised classes, through the whole body of civilized society, while military despotism was in the same time working downward. It is within this space of history, that the episode of Palmyra, that magnificent Venice of the great Syrian desert, occurs; and our correspondent is declared to have been the first writer who has illustrated the era in which the power of Christianity began to be felt, and its under-currents to flow, with ever-increasing rapidity, in silent and unseen depths. The great emporium of the commerce of the desert is clothed with the very spirit of poetry and romance. Characters and events are described with great beauty and power, and with strict fidelity to the facts of history, while a strong dramatic interest pervades the entire performance. The reviewer observes, in conclusion, that without being, perhaps, the literary Messiah, which Miss Martineau says the American people are looking for, 'there is that in the writer which, in the present state of literature, deserves to be prized most highly, and which entitles him to a most honorable place among the writers, not only of his own country, but of ours, at the present time. We do not refer to his extraordinary power of throwing his own mind, and of making his readers throw theirs, into the minds and into the circumstances of persons who lived far off, and long ago: of making us see things as those persons saw or might have seen them. We give him a higher praise. He is one of the few (and among writers of fiction they were never so few as in this age) who can conceive, with sufficient strength and reality to be able to represent, genuine, unforced nobleness of character.' It is an additional title to praise in the author, that he has nobly elevated the character of woman, in such portraitures as those of Zenobia, Fausta, and Julia. This is an imperfect synopsis of the review in question; which we submit to the reader, with the relevant or suggested inquiry, whether he does not perceive, in the material shadowed forth, in the 'Letters from Rome,' in the last and present number, a field as wide and fruitful for such a reaper, as was occupied so successfully in gathering the rich harvest of the 'Letters from Palmyra?' If the reader does not, we wot who does.—*Knickerbocker.*

Health.—A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a long time to spoil a chamber full; but it is done however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methusalem, who being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for, when he had lived five hundred years, an angel said to him, 'Arise Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live yet five hundred years longer.' But Methusalem answered and said: 'If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house—I will sleep in the air as I have been used to do.'—*Gospel Witness.*

Old-Fashioned Frolics.—Old-fashioned jokes, like old-fashioned snow storms, are getting out of date.—Much as they talk of the mischief-making propensities of the youth of modern times, our fathers and grandfathers more than matched them in their boyhood. Sit along side of some of our octogenarians, and hear them tell over the capers they used to cut up, when the blood rushed with a quicker flow through their veins, and by their accounts, modern jokes are no more to be compared to them, than modern snow storms are to those inundations of snow in Parson Smith's time. Speaking of Parson Smith and snow storms reminds us of a story we heard of a caper cut in his day. He used to live near the head of King street—somebody tells us that it has been changed to India street—we have such a monstrous India trade! It was customary in those days, when people got married, to go to the Parson's house to get the knot tied; and we read of a loving couple coming from Westbrook over Back Cove, in mid-winter, on sow shoes for that purpose. It was the fashion, we say, to meet at the Parson's house, and after the twain became one—'bone of my bone, and beef of my beef,' as the Frenchman renders it—to proceed to the bridegroom's house, in procession—the happy couple leading off.—One winter evening, a party visited Mr Smith's to be married. The snow was—we do not know how many feet deep—but over all the fences, and a hard crust had been formed, so that they walked on without slumping. Well, the party started off in high glee for home, walking in files. It was a bright moonlight evening, and they went dancing along on the sparkling crust; of a sudden presto! the bride and bridegroom disappeared, and they were immediately followed by some six or seven couple, who were close at their heels. The others started back in dismay, not knowing what had become of the advancing party.—On examination, it proved that some wags who had not been invited to the wedding, to be avenged for the slight, had dug a large snow pit directly in the narrow pathway, while the ceremony was performing.—The moon shone so brightly, that the hole was not perceived by those who led the way; perhaps their thoughts were otherwise occupied. Be that as it may, on arriving at the trap, plump! down they pitched into the soft bed of snow, followed by twelve more of their friends, and there they floundered until they were drawn out, powdered all over like millers. No one was hurt—but there was a rumpling of dresses, &c. to be sure—but the party took the joke in good part, and the episode rather added to the hilarity of the evening than otherwise.

The Jews.—The feudal lords of the middle ages extended their iron sceptre over the Jews, and this wretched people, as they truly were in those days, instead of hospitality, which they begged for among all nations, found only persecution and violence.

A Jew was by law a *serf*, (that is a slave attached to the soil) merely because he followed the law of Moses. As he ceased to be a *serf* from the moment he embraced Christianity, the feudal barons established it as a law, that if a Jew quit his religion and became a Christian, his goods should be confiscated to his lord. The reason was, that his lord or master, must have some indemnification from the Jew, because, by the fact of his conversion, the feudal lord ceased to be the proprietor of the converted Jew's person. The author of the *Spirit of Laws* has explained this strange regulation. Charles VI. abolished this abominable custom in France in 1392.

St. Louis ordered that the Jews should wear on their clothes, before and behind, a piece of yellow cloth of the breadth of the hand. Philip the bold required that they should wear a horn on their heads. In certain cities a separate quarter of the town was assigned to them, which was shut up at sunset by an iron gate or fence. If a house took fire within the enclosure or in the neighborhood they were not on that account set at liberty. Sometimes they were required to wear yellow hats. The rich Jews sometimes obtained exemption from these humiliations, upon payment of enormous sums of money. But the moment they had paid it, they were subjected to other vexations. Barbarity was carried so far (during the reign of Philip the bold of France) that physicians were prohibited to visit, and citizens to alleviate the sufferings of the sick Jews. The Jews were forbidden to bathe in the rivers, because they would pollute the water. When condemned to death they were hung between two dogs. The Jews of Toulouse were obliged, during the ninth century, to furnish three pounds of wax to a church of that city. One pound at Christmas—one pound at the assumption, and the third two days before Easter. The richest individual among the Jews was obliged to deliver it. The clergy attended at the door of the church. There the most vigorous man that could be found gave this Jew a blow on the ear to punish the Jews, as it was said, for having called the Moors from Spain into France, and for having delivered the city to Aderame. The Jews offered money to be exempted from this tribute. The churchman took the money and then refused the request. In the Comptat of Avignon the Jews were compelled to go into the churches and be present at debates or conferences. Scourges were the arguments opposed to their explanation of the prophets They were accused of blasphemy, whenever they ventured an objection against the interpretation given by the doctors in Theology. And upon going out of the church, they were stoned by the populace. This, it was said, was the way of not letting the day pass without doing a meritorious work.—*Colonization Herald.*

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